UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1179.

Original Poetry.

FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY LYDIA.

Farewell, New England's shed strand, farewell, I leave you far away,
A distant, and a stranger land, calls me to go astray.
To fields, that spread your verdant cloak, upon a fertile soil,
To valleys, where from roots till night the hardy remnant toil;
To hills, upon whose rocky heights the weary harvests grow;
And brooks, that wend'ring through the glades, in murmuring tenor flow;
All, all these scenes, I pledge ye true, my bosom shall retain,
Though time, and distance separate, there they shall ne'er remain.

I love to tread upon the sod where my first breath I drew,
Where all my early years away on Time's swift pinions flew;
I love to linger near the spot where my companions dwell,
To mingle in their pleasant hours, with them I love so well.

I prize those seasons of repose which dwell the Christian's breast,
The Sabbath's consecrated day, that day of sacred rest,
Those hours of prayer, and holy, when all were met to worship,
Where holiness in her kindest guise, points out her heavenward path.

I love those parties to honor upon long, and Virtue wends to bless,
Where all my early years away on Time's swift pinions flew;
I love to linger near the spot where my companions dwell,
To mingle in their pleasant hours, with them I love so well.

I prize those seasons of repose which dwell the Christian's breast,
The Sabbath's consecrated day, that day of sacred rest,
Those hours of prayer, and holy, when all were met to worship,
Where holiness in her kindest guise, points out her heavenward path.

Where Wisdom in her humblest guise, points out her heavenward path.

I love those parties to honor upon long, and Virtue wends to bless,
Where all my early years away on Time's swift pinions flew;
And may sweet Peace the same guise, the rich, the poor, extend,
And welcome her, those festal days, where joy flows unbounded.

I prize those seasons of repose which dwell the Christian's breast,
The Sabbath's consecrated day, that day of sacred rest,
Those hours of prayer, and holy, when all were met to worship,
Where holiness in her kindest guise, points out her heavenward path.

When all are gathered into one, and pleasure lives unbounded.

Those evening sports glide happily, where all move gaiety's round,
And Love, the gentle healing Love, in every heart is found.

But fare you well, these hours are past, these golden days are o'er,
Another I love another care, call me to leave this shore.
The places where I love to roam, though bound by tender ties,
Where all my fondest thoughts awake, and kindred feelings rise,

I leave, to travel where the sun rolls through another sky
Where other objects will arise to cheer my roving eye.
Then home, and native land, adieu, for now with you I part
The hour has come for us to part. New England! Fare thee well!

Original Tales.

TRADITION OF THE VISIONS Of Armies in the Heavens.

CONTINUED

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

On the following morning, Murray bade adieu to the farm and the comforts of home, and proceeded on his journey to New York. A chain of circumstances, with a request from a friend, led him to enlist as a volunteer, in the army of General Montgomery; which he accompanied on its disastrous expedition to Canada. The intervening scenes in which they were engaged, before the prosecution of this arduous and hazardous undertaking, I shall pass over in silence, and bring our readers at once to the decading point of action.

The gallant, brave, and warm-hearted character of Montgomery, created a strong personal attachment in his officers and soldiers, in himself. He endeared them to him by his kind and affectionate manners, as well as by the romantic charm of his daring courage and bravery. He had entered the project of attack on the city of Quebec in conjunction with Colonel Arnold: who with the remnant of the army, which he had conducted with unparalleled perseverance and fatigue through a dreary and formidable wilderness, was prepared to act in concert with his general. Their plan of operations was matured, and their hopes excited of a favorable result: when, as the eve of the time appointed for action, a traitor fled from the American ranks and solicited an interview with Governor Carlton.

What is your business with me?" said the Governor.

"Please your honor, I crave your free pardon before I make you acquainted with what I have to say."

"You are one of the rebels, then! What have you to communicate?"

"Your pardon first, my lord, before I proceed."

"Well, it is granted, on condition that you quit the rebel army, and become a loyal subject to king George. Now communicate your intelligence."

"It is of more importance than your lordship may perhaps imagine: as the prize of it might have been paid many times over."

"Speak, canid, and beware how you trespass with my patience," said the Governor, angrily.

The man put on a dogged, sullen look, and remained silent.

"Do you know," said the Governor, "that I could have you hung instantly, without judge or jury?"

"I could carry my news with me to the gallows, then," said the man, remaining perfectly unmoved.

"But what is it you require, my friend," said the Governor, softening his tone: "if it is money, and your information is of consequence, name your price."

"I shall leave your lordship to say whether it is worth anything or not. But if you haven't got good soldiers in Quebec, the power to pay will be on the other side, to-morrow."

"What do you mean! Do the rebels intend to attack the city ?"

"That was what I was going to tell you."

"Proceed!"

"They are all ready, and have fixed on this night to surprise the garrison under cover of darkness, and take the city by storm."

"Such a plan is more easily formed than executed."

"Don't be the sure of that—American soldiers are made of different stuff from other men. Their souls don't frighten them if you should raise up Satan himself!"

"It would be useless then," said the Governor, smiling, "should he his Satanic majesty. But, pray, what was your motive for leaving them?"

"Dislike to Colonel Arnold."

"What is the present condition of the troops?"

"Good enough for courage and disposition to fight: but bad enough in other respects."

"How so?"

"They are in great want of artillery and ammunition; and Colonel Arnold's men are nearly worn out with starvation and fatigue, from marching five hundred miles through a desolate and savage wilderness, never explored before, even by the savages themselves."

"Did you say Arnold was unpopular with the soldiers?"

"With a part of them, my lord. But on the other hand, Gen. Montgomery is the idolof the whole army."

"Give me the plan of attack!"

The soldier gave a rapid sketch, which is too well known in history to need a repetition here. In the meanwhile, ignorant of the treachery which had been practised as to their design, the two officers, with their different detachments, prepared for the attack. It was in the midst of the rigour and inclemency of a Canadian winter, on the memorable morning of the 31st of December, 1775, Montgomery marshalled his little army several hours before daylight, in readiness to proceed on their perilous enterprize. The darkness and gloom were increased by a violent storm. The very elements seemed to conspire against them; but the voice of their General inspired hope and resolution in the hearts of his brave and faithful followers. The unanimous feeling expressed among them was "Let us fight, or we will follow to the death," and that sentiment was confirmed by a short address from himself:

"My brave soldiers! We draw our swords in a just and holy cause. We fight for our homes and our firesides: and for the rights of mankind, who have already spilled their blood, and lost their lives in the conflict. We fight for liberty and honor: for the recove of our rights and privileges, of which we are unjustly deprived. Let the sluggish and the dastard shall see that the heart of an Irishman is true to his adopted country!"

With these words he headed the regiment, which followed his footsteps, with minds wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Montgomery's intrepidity thickened on every side. Murray, whose chivalrous attachment to the general knew no bounds, pressed forward to be near him, and entered among the foremost, the narrow pass which wound around Cape Diamond. A blinding snow-storm continued to increase in violence, to obstruct their course, and huge and massive scales hung from the over-arching cliffs, like impending destruction over their heads. They however pressed onward, heedless of all impediments, tearing up, and cutting down the pickets, which formed the first opposing barrier in their way, and arrived within a few paces of a second fortification, surmounted by cannon, from which the guns had been fired in terror. One of the troops endeavored in vain to rally the deserters, and bring them back to the battery.

"They are a cowardly set, Jack," said he to the only comrade who turned to hear him. "Come, let's you and I go back, and fire one shot for King George—and who knows but the shot may reach the hearts of some of the rebels?"

And thus it was decreed. That fatal shot it was that killed the brave Montgomery, when on the very point of accomplishing his daring enterprise, and of leading his troops to victory and glory.

"Come, God!" exclaimed Murray, "they have killed our General! That chisel shot must have sent one of the bravest and noblest souls in heaven that ever inhabited an earthly tenement. Oh, my friend, my friend, would to him to enlist as a volunteer, in the army of General Montgomery; which he accompanied on its disastrous expedition to Canada. The intervening scenes in which they were engaged, before the prosecution of this arduous and hazardous undertaking, I shall pass over in silence, and bring our readers at once to the decading point of action.

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"I see," replied Gilbert, good-humoredly, "that you think I have no very great desire to obtain it—but, indeed, our distance of absence was small. Most of our muskets were rendered useless, by the freshets and rapids, through which we had to pass. The cannon in the sky, were seldom visible. Once or twice, a vision of cannon and musketry in the clouds, inspired us with a hope that Heaven would send us the supply we needed, from the camp of the enemy, should we escape with our lives from that savage region."

"And would it not be better," said Murray, "even to perish in bogs and morasses, in the struggle for liberty, than to live contented in slavery ? to see our native freedom and sufferages, wrested from our hands, and our beautiful and fertile country, overspread with marauders, who trampled on our rights, and ground us down beneath the iron rod of tyranny and oppression ?"

"I have no more desire, now, than you have," answered Lester, more seriously: "to submit to such outrages and grievances. And though my perception of the beautiful in nature, is somewhat obscured by the recollection of the gloomy and solitary scenery, on the banks of the Kennebec. I can still look back with feelings of longing and delight, to the majestic mountains and fertile valley around the banks of the Delaware."

"That view ought to nerve our arm with double energy, and urge us on with renewed resolution in the contest. The memory of all that we have left behind us—the consciousness that we are contending for our liberty, home and country. But in the existing recollections of the journey, you have omitted the main point of interest. You forget that I am still in ignorance of the preceding causes, which produced the revolution in your sentiments, and consequently influence your actions after I left the farm."

"You are right," said Gilbert, "I am before my story. My head was so completely filled with the images on the way, that I was obliged to dispose of them first, ere I could clear a passage in memory, to relate what I knew before it would, however, require too much time at this moment, to enter into all the detail of arguments and reasonings, which finally determined my first principles—and, to tell the truth, I am half ashamed to acknowledge that they yielded at last to female influence. I know my attachment to Aletta Green. That girl has more heroism, than I thought it possible for one so mild and gentle to possess. She used to talk to me as though she had got all the speeches of the patriots, as she called them, by heart; and I confess that the views of Republicanism, which she frequently gave me, from her own inspired thoughts and ideas, occasioned the first misgivings in my mind, of the soundness of the party to which I was attached. My imagination might have been a little excited, also, by the whole scene at our last harvest festival. The sudden interruption in the dancing, by the singular phenomena in the heavens, and the consternation of the evening, of all our accustomed mirth and gaiety, made a strong impression, which led me to inquire and reflect on the causes and consequences of such events. Aletta, who was connected with the disturbances in the country, could not avoid, very seriously, to enter into the discussion, which was necessarily connected with the disturbances in the country, and which was increasing every day. Her sentiments were clearly and eloquently expressed, and her arguments were supported by the soundness of the party to which I was attached. My imagination might have been a little excited, also, by the whole scene at our last harvest festival. The sudden interruption in the dancing, by the singular phenomena in the heavens, and the consternation of the evening, of all our accustomed mirth and gaiety, made a strong impression, which led me to inquire and reflect on the causes and consequences of such events. Aletta, who was connected with the disturbances in the country, could not avoid, very seriously

it, but it was too weighty. She now paused to consider; for she knew that reason is given to mend of strength; and that, when we cannot, we may remove rent rocks that would defy mere physical strength. She soon reflected that a lever would help her greatly, if applied to the hound! She found a pretty well supplied in the bottom of the hand, resting it in a stone on the other side, and, placing the end of the sapling through round the hand yielded. She pressed upon the lever until the said round was raised only so high as to allow the hand to be easily drawn out her hand, while she pulled back on finding it free, with much delight, and ran nearly to break one of her knees. As soon as the animal was released she sprang to her feet with awkward joy across the ground, finding her self out of danger, and then, after thanking her benefactress that Lucian could not help laughing heartily.

No more adventures befel her on her way, and on reaching the poor woman's home it was rejoiced to find her safe return; and she no partake of the dainties she had brought her; for which she expressed herself most grateful. Such was the character in childhood, of Mary Lucian Lewis, who, though beautiful in person, was still more lovely in heart. We have drawn it for the instruction of the young Misses of her own sex; that they may read it, and we trust will be inspired by her example to be like her in the adorning of all their conduct. Love is the mean of Christianity; "for love is the fulfilling of the law" (1 Tim. 1:5). Their habit and practice will also assimilate us to our Heavenly Father; for "God is love!"

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 2, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year; and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIFTY DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Godey's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR POETICAL PRIZES.

In answer to numerous and very natural enquiries, we state that the Committee of examination upon the Poems offered in competition for the Post Prizes of One Hundred and Sixty-five Dollars will be ready to report in a week or so. The quantity of manuscript poetry submitted, as will readily be supposed, is, if quantity alone be considered, sufficient to show that there are quite a large party of poets in the world yet. Of the quality we shall be better able to speak by-and-bye—but we may remark, en passant, that there are glittering gems in the mass, which will make the Post an debt to the lovers of original verse, as it has been and is to the admirers of original prose romances. There is nothing like generous competition to call out talent.

"INFORMATION WANTED."

Of H. Brooks, who left Medina, Ohio, indebted to this office.

Of Simon H. Jones, who left Bozztown, Pa., indebted to this office.

Of D. R. Carroll, who left New Orleans, La., indebted to the office.

Of J. Harrow, who left Hollidaysburg, Pa., indebted to this office.

Of Geo. L. Heckman, who left Hollidaysburg, Pa., indebted to this office.

Of Philip Sweatzell, who left Punxatawney, Pa., indebted to this office.

Of Thos. L. Addison, who left Bel-Air, Maryland, indebted to this office.

Of A. Yorke, who left Spinnerstown, Pa., indebted to this office.

☞ Y. B. Palmer, No. 140 Nassau street Tribune Buildings, New York, is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for, or advertisements designed for insertion in, the United States Saturday Post.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Prominent among topics of conversation just now, is the Oregon Territory question. If, however, this interest is carried with particular reference to the probable action of Congress at the present session, it would appear to be premature: for almost all observers are now present in the opinion that no decisive action will be taken this winter. A majority of the Senators have unofficially expressed themselves against the adoption of any decisive resolution at this time. Nor, as it appears from our correspondent's letter, has the new British Minister any extraordinary powers upon this subject. He fills precisely the same place that his predecessor, Mr. Fox, did. He can offer nothing—have universally given another impression, this contradiction is important.

There is one subject on which action has been threatened and talked of, but upon which no action is likely to be had. We refer to the Tariff. If there were no other reasons why these important matters should be carefully approached, one would be found in the caution of politicians. No act will be heedlessly passed through, or pushed by, which may have a bearing upon the next election. It is the interest of all parties to keep the canvas as clear of new mystifications and obstructions as possible, and gentlemen who are supposed to be legislating for the country, and, by it, for themselves with a close eye to the chances in relation to the next Presidency.

The fact of setting the nation aside for the causes is disagreeable—but it is one of the disadvantages of a republican government While it is the very soul of liberty, it is not, however, and may be capable of amendment or of abatement, it is less than some of the less of the cranking evils of monarchy where they are fond of calling "time-honored customs."

We shall in our next conclude the highly interesting story by Miss Sugar, the second part of which is this week published. The reader will find, beside it, a most amusing story by our contemporary of the U. S Gazette, and the younger readers of the Post will be interested in a pleasant little sketch, calculated for their benefit as well as their amusement.

The chapter of Gossip from our Bristol correspondent reminders such light, but still interesting matters in Europe as do not usually find their way into American newspapers. While "Foreign News" talk solely of monarchs and of nations, we are not to forget that there are also subjects and individuals. In our next will shall publish an interesting article relative to Paris, which was put in type for this day's paper, but could not out.

The first article which every lady will read at this day's paper, in the account of the terrible accident on board the Princeton. We have not the ability, on the first receipt of news so terrible, to add any comments or reflections, former's time's. The reader will suggest themselves, at the close of the relation.

TEMPERANCE CERTIFICATE.

Mr. Atkinson, at the office of the Temperance Advocate, has just had her hand and seal of office design for a certificate of membership of temperance societies. It contains three engravings: "Family Piety, Peace and Plenty;" contained on either hand with—" Tavern Cursing, Gambling and Fighting," and " Believing to the Families of the Intemperate." Blanks are left for the names of Societies and Members

TERRIBLE FIRE.

The Pout House at Quaise, Nantucket, was entirely consumed by fire on the night of the 26th ult., and eight inmates thereof perished in the flames. The names of the unfortunate sufferers were as follows: Paul Jenkins, Thomas Hall, Phebe Jones, Sophia Boles, Wm. Hutchins, Jonathan Calchcart, Wm. Holmes, and Adiah Davis.

DREADFUL CALAMITY AND LOSS OF LIFE!

ON BOARD THE PRINCETON.

SIXTEEN PERSONS KILLED!!!

Among whom are the Hon. ABEL P. UPSHUR, late Secretary of State; Hon. THOMAS GILMER, late Secretary of the Navy; COL. KEY-WARD, of the Army; VIRGIL MAXCY, late Charge d'Affaires to Belgium, and MR. GARDENER, Proprietor of Gardiner's Island, of New York.

About seven o'clock of Wednesday evening, intelligence reached Washington that an appalling and heart-rending accident had occurred on board the Steamer Princeton, by the bursting of her large gun, by which

Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State—
Mr. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy—
Com. Kennon, Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repairs—
Virgil Maxcy, Esq., and Col. Gardiner, of New York, were killed!

Senators Benton and Captain Stockton were severely, but it is said not dangerously injured; and others are killed, and many mortally wounded.

Intimations were issued for Wednesday to about three hundred gentlemen and ladies to partake of a fete given on board the Princeton.

A splendid dinner was served in the cabin, while the vessel was a little below Fort Washington, in the widest part of the Potomac. The gun had been fired once, and was fired again. The company were in the midst of hilarious enjoyment. Behind the gun stood Captain Stockton, a little at the left Mr. Upshur, Washington Tyler, Assistant Postmaster General, of Philadelphia. By the side of the latter, a little behind and on the left, Mr. Strickland, of Philadelphia, and a little to the right of, but behind him, Col. Benton, of Missouri, who had left at his post, and Judge Phelps, late Senator from Vermont. To the leeward of the gun stood Judge Upshur, late Secretary of State; Gov. Gilmer, late Secretary of the Navy; and Mr. Sykes, of N. J., and a little behind them, our late Charge d'Affaires to Belgium, Mr. Maxcy, of Maryland. By the side of him stood Mr. Gardiner, of New York, and Commodore Kennon, of the Navy.

When the gun was fired, the whole ship shook, a dense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole group on the forecastle; but when this view away, an awful scene presented itself to the view of the spectators.

The lower part of the gun from the trunnions to the breech was blown off. Mr. Upshur was badly cut over the eye and in his legs—his clothes were literally torn from his body—he was found in about three minutes. Governor Gilmer, of Virginia, was found equally badly injured. He had evidently been struck by the portion of the gun before it had reached Mr. Upshur. Mr. Sykes, the member from New Jersey, endeavored to raise him from the deck, but was unable. The latter was pre-mortured, and he was placed on it; before any medical assistance could be procured, he was no longer among the living.

Mr. Maxcy had his arms and one of his legs cut off, the pieces of flesh hanging to the mutilated limbs, and was killed, in a manner truly frightful. He died instantly.

Mr. Gardiner, of New York, and Commodore Kennon lingered about half an hour; but they did not seem for a single moment to be conscious of their fate, and expired almost without a groan. The flag of the Union was placed over the dead bodies as their winding-sheets.

Behind the gun, the scene, though at first equally distressing, was less shocking. Capt. Stockton, who was knocked down, almost instantly rose to his feet, and jumped on the wheels carriage to survey the whole effect of the calamity. All the hair of his head and face was burnt off: and he stood calm and collected, giving orders to the crew. In addition to the deaths already mentioned, about a dozen sailors were badly wounded, one killed. Col. Benton and Judge Phelps and Mr. Strickland, as if dead, were extended on the deck.

But Mr. Strickland was not at all injured, further than occasionally by the shock. Col. Benton was carried aft and placed on a mattress, but soon recovered sufficiently to be able to walk without assistance. Judge Phelps had his hat blown off, and his coat torn, but was not injured. In the group, Mr. Tyson, of Philadelphia, was the only person who kept his feet, though a fragment of the gun passed through his hat!

All of the ladies on board were injured, though the lady who had Mr. Benton's arm was actually blown into the rigging. Miss Woodbury, the daughter of Hon. Levi Woodbury of New Hampshire, had her face covered with the blood of some of the victims of this terrible catastrophe, but herself escaped unhurt.

Two daughters of Col. Gardiner, of New York, were on board, and Mrs. Gilmer, wife of the Secretary, was also among the guests. The grief of Mrs. G. took the form of insanity for a time—came to her relief, but now in lucid, raving whispers, and anon in maniac screeches she inquired for her husband, and denied the possibility of the terrible accident which she had surmised, though no other answer was given to her questions than the silent tears of the by-standers. Strong men wept like babes, as Mrs. G. sat on deck, her hair dishevelled, her very lips pale as death, and quivering as she soliloquized: "Oh, certainly not!—Mr. Gilmer cannot be dead! Who would dare injure him? Yes, oh, Lord, have mercy upon us! Oh Lord, have mercy on him!"

Judge Wilkins, a moment before the fire-ball had taken his post by the side of Gov. Gilmer, left the spot, from dislike to the shock which too close proximity would give, even without accident. The President himself, left the side of Gov. Gilmer, a moment before the accident. One of his servants, who remained near, was killed.

Such was the force of the explosion that the gun was blown into between twenty and thirty fragments, as nearly as can be ascertained. Some of the pieces on both sides of the vessel were shattered, and the miracle is, that no more were injured.

When the company left the Princeton at Alexandria, the President and his sons still remained on board. It was a most awful conclusion to a day most fearfully memorable, and will, during the life time of all who are now upon the stage, mark the epoch in their memory, and be referred to as a date during the time of such events. In the whole history of the country no accident has ever occurred of such terrible interest to the land as the present one. The whole length and breadth: cutting down as many men whose talents and virtues gave them large circles of private friends, and of political and business consequence.

But the proud and the gifted, and the humble and the unknown, one common event is upon which all must look forward. It is appointed unto all men, once to die: and the same blow which sent some of the highest of our sons to the land into eternity, with the imperiality of Omnipotence, laid low the humble sailor and the still more humble negro. "In the midst of life we are in death"—and no voice of rack is above—no whisper of insignificance is below when the hand of God is seen in the events as endorsed by every generation, till time shall be no more.

"OLLIPODIANA."

In our advertising columns will be found the announcement of an edition of the most interesting writings of our late townsman, Willis Gaylord Clark. To those who look with a most philopsic's eye to the announcement of a new work, this will be most welcome. As a witty, graceful and pleasing writer in his lighter essays, and as a touching and thoughtful one in his graver passages, Clark is well remembered; and the furnishing of a complete collection of his writings will be but a welcome response to a public desire. To those who knew the deceased personally, the publication will be invaluable.

DEATH OF MR. BIDDLE.

On Tuesday morning, Nicholas Biddle died at his country residence at Andalusia, near this city, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He was born in Philadelphia, on the 8th of January, 1786. His ancestor came with William Penn to this country, and were distinguished in the early history of the State. His father, Charles Biddle, took an active and zealous part in the Revolution, and was associated with Franklin in the administration of this State, then just emerging from its colonial condition.

Mr. Biddle commenced his education at the University of Pennsylvania, and at Princeton, New Jersey, where he was the subject of much favorable notice for his literary attainments. He was also much noticed and appointed Secretary to General Armstrong, in his mission to France, and travelled with the Minister who was considerably younger than himself. He remained abroad three years, and was a portion of that time attached to the embassy of Mr. Monroe, at the Court of St. James. On his return to Philadelphia, Mr. Biddle devoted himself to the practice of the law, and the pursuit of letters. He was for some months editor of the National Gazette, and became a popular contributor to some of the leading periodicals of the day. He at one time edited the Port Folio, which, during a period of the past, the fame of which, among the pioneers in belles letters in the United States is second to none. That he was an accomplished writer, as to style and ingenuity will be denied by none who read his letters contributed to the Port Folio United States Bank, and with other prominent subjects. No one, certainly ever had more attentive readers than he.

In 1810 he was elected by the Democratic party to the State Legislature, and in 1814 to the Senate. In both situations, he occupied a prominent position as the friend of general education, and an advocate of a National Bank. In 1819, he was appointed a government director of the United States Bank by President Monroe, and, four years afterwards, succeeded Langdon Cheves in the presidency of that institution. He remained in the Presidency until the expiration of the charter of the old bank, and the creation of the new one by this State, and assumed the presidency of the latter for the first year; or two of its existence.

And here we cease the record. The history of his connection with the management of a National Bank, and of his participation in the management of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania, is interwoven with those of the politics of this foreign word, to make us pay for being enfeebled and absorbed as our neighbor.

"If Thomas Fox & Co. are willing to join us on this question, I am sure they will be joined by gentlemen in this city, that the manuscript of the bold man question is the hard writing of Dickens. You know my name, sir, which you are at at liberty to show Fox & Co."

BYEMATIC.

A large number of the wealthy and of the persons possessed of competence in New York have formed themselves into a society for the relief of the poor. Its organization strikes us as among the most perfect we have ever seen described, and worthy of imitation. The city is divided into sixteen districts, each ward forming a district: and the districts are subdivided into such sections as to apportion to each about twenty-five families requiring attention. Each district has an Advisory Committee, consisting of five members: and each section a Visiter. Connected with this arrangement, are a Central Office and Register Book, for the purpose of concentrating and diffusing all information pertaining to the society's object and operations. For the information of the members, a pocket directory is furnished, which indicates at a glance, the bounds of every section, with the names and residence of every Visiter: also specifying the number of the section to which they belong.

LATE FROM CHINA.

The Ann McKim, at New York, has arrived from Hong Kong to the 10th of November, being a month later. It seems that a most destructive typhoon occurred in the early part of the 20th of October, among the Danish, Spanish, and part of the French houses. The British Consul was not injured, and he continued to live in Cong Seal on the river. The ancient temple of Pak Taimoun, dedicated to the God of the North Pole, was destroyed, and the idol of her neighbors. Most of the tenants saved their property—always excepting Pak Taimoun, who could not stand the loss. It is said that over 1,200 houses were burned.

A dreadful accident happened to a Cochinchinese vessel, off Pedro Blanco. A boat belonging between Whampoa and Canton, seems she had laden a great quantity of Chinese fireworks and gunpowder, and by some means or other caught fire and blew up with a tremendous explosion, by which her crew, consisting of upwards of a hundred men, were killed, and the ship blown to pieces.

NO NEWSPAPERS!

Hon. Henry A. Wise once boasted in Congress that there are no newspapers published in his district to disturb its peace. A correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot writes:

"Wise has been a terrible trader of corporate in Accomac county, of Virginia. If you had been there one day in the year 1840, you would have seen how much it is to have no newspaper to announce coming events. Mr. Wise was expected to speak in the Court House in Accomac Town, and Whigs and Democrats were notified of it by a man riding through the town some hour back, who lifted up his voice and thus proclaimed: 'O yes! O yes! Hear ye! hear ye! I give notice that the Honorable Henry A. Wise, is for to be delivered of a speech this afternoon at the Court House, at one o'clock. Waddy's pe-ple and I want you all fur to cum.'"

THE BRITISH MINISTER.

On Thursday of last week, in consequence of taking official leave, on the part of Mr. Fox, late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of her Britannic Majesty, at Washington, and of the presentation of the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Packenham, the new Envoy and Minister, there was a levee at the President's room. The President was attended by the members of his cabinet, and Sir Richard by the gentlemen attached to the Legation. The appropriate and usual utterances of politeness took place, and the President assured Sir Richard that the sentiments of the people of the United States were reciprocated.

RATHER SATIRICAL.

Gen. Thomas Thumb, the great little man, who was some months since in this city as a "professional visit," recently embarked, at N. York for Europe. He was taken from the Museum in an open coffin, accompanied by a band of music, himself equipped in full military garb; and, as the boys cheered him along the streets, (some of them) he bowed gracefully his chapeau, and bowed in acknowledgment. Then he was escorted to the wharf amidst the applause of a large people, and from the bulwark of the ship, he took leave of his native country and his faithful friends. This is as near a bit of satire as we have ever seen.

RATHER GRASPING.

Mr. Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith, has announced the forthcoming of the first paper which he calls "The Christian Citizen." It appears that Mr. B. is an unmarried man, and that his correspondence with the fair Miss Cleodora, remembering Leap Year, reproaches him for his sinless and chides him for not wooing and wedding somebody: for the sake of the lady, the Blacksmith says: "It is true—that appearances are somewhat against us. But we cannot help that. Some time ago, in my adequate appreciation of the female character, I should have wedded the whole female sex at once, or should have married them every day ago."

THE GIRARD WILL CASE.

We learn from Washington that the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, have unanimously confirmed the decree of the Circuit Court of this district, against the heirs of the late Stephen Girard, and sustaining the validity of the will, with one. The right of this city to act in conformity with the directions of Mr. Girard, in trust for the purposes stated in his will, is therefore settled and confirmed.

The Guinea case has not yet been decided, neither writers to the contrary notwithstanding.

GRAIN STATISTICS.

It appears from careful examination, that the average crop of wheat for the United States is 12 bushels to the inhabitant, first deducting a tenth for seed. The average of the Northern States is 15 bushels; that of Virginia, (included) is twenty-two bushels; that of the Southern and Western States and Territories 10 bushels; and that of the cotton growing States, 44 bushels to each person. Sir Robert Peel says that the consumption of wheat in Great Britain is 19,000,000 quarters, or 152,000,000 bushels, which gives an average of near eight bushels to the inhabitant.

RUMORED DEFALCATION.

The New York Tribune says from Washington that a Government officer in that city, not connected with the Collection of Revenue, is a defaulter to a large amount. No names are mentioned. The defalcation of a clerk in a mercantile house, amounting to $10,000 is also mentioned, but no names.

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Washington, February 25, 1844.

The arrival of Sir Richard Packenham has not created nearly so great a sensation as I anticipated. He has come out here as a diplomatic agent with specific powers to make a treaty about the Oregon Territory; but merely as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, to take the place of his recalled predecessor, Mr. Fox. The latter was so unpopular that it will materially retard the progress of the negotiations to have a gay, unconcerned, good-natured and yet shrewd Irishman take his place. Both Mr. Fox and Sir Richard Packenham had at least their official equality of rank here, the other of welcome, to which the President responded in very cordial terms. The President it seems is determined to try the utmost before he will resort to anything like war. Still you must not argue England which would seriously impeach the prudence and sagacity of the Ashburton Treaty.

It was argued, at that time, sagacity by the statesmen in the Court of the Star Chamber, Gen. Cass, that it would not be prudent in the American Government to settle any one point of difference and controversy with England, without settling all the rest, in order if an amicable arrangement should be impossible, to give the country the moral benefit of a war. Every section of that country would feel fully equally interested in it, as for instance the North and Northeast in the Northeastern Boundary question, the West in the Right of Search, and the West in the Oregon. The Ashburton Treaty settled but one of those points and thus rendered the Right of Search States from the rest of our difficulties with England. Should therefore, no amicable arrangement be effected in the case of the Oregon question, the Ashburton Treaty would not be much to boast of, and may in certain emergencies, serve to separate more than to unite our strength.

On the other hand it is equally clear that the Northeastern Boundary question was one whose inconvenience had begun to be practically felt. The parties had infringed on each other's rights with more or less heat, and conflict between the British Provinces and our own States, especially Maine, would have been inevitable. That question, therefore, called for a speedy settlement, and was, perhaps say of the treaty what Pitt said of the Treaty of Amiens, "it was not what we or neither party need be proud of and none should be ashamed of," it was the best that could be done on either side.

The Oregon question, on the contrary, does not seem to call for an immediate settlement. There we can afford to wait. Time is on the side of no one with the world. It would be madness to attack her in her strength. But she is notwithstanding her magnificence in the century rather declining than increasing in power; while we, from our youth, are a growing power. Every year adds to our strength, a better match for England than we were a year ago, and in the next general European war in which she may be involved, she will be glad to do that she is able to manage, she will be ready to make any reasonable sacrifice for the maintenance of peace with the United States.

The Bill for authorizing the President to give the British Government notice, that the joint occupation of the Oregon Territory by the two countries is to cease a year hence, according to the term therein stipulated, is, almost to a man, opposed by the Whigs and Northern Democrats, and by Democratic Senators. It will, therefore, be arrested in its progress in the Senate; in the House, I believe, it will pass, but the vote will meet with general support. If I mistake not, the President himself is so opposed to it, that he will not sign it unless in the last extremities, were it to pass both houses by two-thirds majorities.

The Post Office Law Bill of Mr Merrick, is out of Committee but still in that crude shape to which it needs much trimming and improvement before it can be passed into a law. It is not at large. One important amendment, however has been made to the Bill. It no longer franks newspapers by weight—and a clear proof did; and the reason for this amendment is apparent. Papers are to circulate freely through the mails, and the greatest good to the greatest number is the principle of the whole Bill:) what then would be the use of forcing the publishers to employ the stupid agency of the Post Office, when they, from peculiar circumstance, prefer resorting to another mode of accommodating the public? Under such circumstances, the service, is nevertheless more acceptable to both! The magazines, in the amended Bill, are still included in the same category with newspapers, though the latter contribute very little to the benefit or moral elevation of the community, while the publication of the former is a source employment to the ablest writers and the most meritorious artists in the country. A proper distinction between the two should be made. Literature introduced into the Bill, would act as a copy-right on American Literature, and is deserving the attention of Congress for many considerations. The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Merrick, feels every disposition to meet the views of the publishers of the Magazine cities, and especially those of Philadelphia, but the Western Senators are determined to check the monopoly of the Eastern cities, and to promote the manufacture of Domestic Literature in the Mississippi Valley. The Bill, however, it still open for amendment, and I have no doubt the latter contribute very little to the benefit or moral elevation of the community, while the publication of the former is a source employment to the ablest writers and the most meritorious artists in the country. A proper distinction between the two should be made. Literature introduced into the Bill, would act as a copy-right on American Literature, and is deserving the attention of Congress for many considerations. The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Merrick, feels every disposition to meet the views of the publishers of the Magazine cities, and especially those of Philadelphia, but the Western Senators are determined to check the monopoly of the Eastern cities, and to promote the manufacture of Domestic Literature in the Mississippi Valley. The Bill, however, is still open for amendment, and I have no doubt the latter contribute very little to the benefit or moral elevation of the community, while the publication of the former is a source employment to the ablest writers and the most meritorious artists in the country. A proper distinction between the two should be made. Literature introduced into the Bill, would act as a copy-right on American Literature, and is deserving the attention of Congress for many considerations. The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Merrick, feels every disposition to meet the views of the publishers of the Magazine cities, and especially those of Philadelphia, but the Western Senators are determined to check the monopoly of the Eastern cities, and to promote the manufacture of Domestic Literature in the Mississippi Valley. The Bill, however, is still open for amendment, and I have no doubt the latter

Notices of the Dead.

Another Revolutionary Patriot Gone.

Died, in this county, on Sunday the fourth instant, (says the Mayerille Sentinel,) Adonijah Fenton, aged 80, formerly of Oneida county. The deceased was the last survivor of a small band of eight patriots, who, during our revolutionary struggle, attacked and captured a British armed schooner in the harbor of Big Fishkill. The schooner was manned with a crew of sixteen men, and had on board a large quantity of guns and military stores.

Hon. Samuel Fowler, of Sussex county, N. J., died at his residence at Franklin Furnace on the 26th instant in the 66th year of his age. Dr. Fowler was a distinguished member of the medical profession, and had twice represented New Jersey in the National Legislature.

Death of Ex-Senator.—John Leeds Kerr, late U. S. Senator from Maryland, whose term expired in March last, died at his residence in Easton, Md., on the 21st instant, in the 65th year of his age.

Popular Lectures.

GLIDDON'S LECTURES.

THE PHARAOH'S OF SCRIPTURE.

Mr. Gliddon, whose recent lectures on Egypt recently reported in the Post, commenced another course on Monday, at the Assembly Building. A leading subject of the two first lectures was the Pharaoh's of Scripture. Of the twelve Pharaohs of whom mention is made in the Old Testament, none are identified except the portraits of the ancient kings of Egypt, and the other five are conjectured at with much probability. Of the seven positively identified but one of those seven more particularly of Shishak mentioned 1st Kings, XI. 40, and XIV., 25, and 2d Chronicles, XII, 2; Zerah, 2d Chronicles, XIV. 9; So, 2d Kings, XVII., 4; Tirhakah, 2d Kings, XIX., 9, and Isaiah XXXVII., 9; Neko, 2d Kings, XXIII, 29, 33 Chronicles, XXXV. 20, and Jeremiah, XLVI 2; and Hophra, Jeremiah, XLIV. 30. The other Pharaohs, as we said above, are very probably identified, but not with the certainty of the five which we have mentioned.

As in noticing Mr. G. during his first course here last season, we stated the importance of his course to Biblical students, and all readers of the Bible, who proceed to show by a brief abstract of some of his statements, how great must be the importance of Hieroglyphical discoveries to the Theological student. For example, the hieroglyphics give the sound of the name of this king as Hophre, which corresponds with the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman modifications of the name.

In Jeremiah we find the prophetic curse against this Pharaoh Hophra, King of Egypt, into the hands of his enemies, and into the hands of them that seek his life." History informs us that he was slain by the slayer of Hophra was one of glory and conquest. Then he assumed to himself the titles "Lord of the World," and "Lord of Lords," his heart rejoiced. These inscriptions are found on some of the tablets. A little further on, Pharaoh Hophra's name is changed, in some books after his appeared to twenty-six branches composed of metal and covered with natural leaves. One of the trees was entirely broken away, and resemble icicles and snow, and suspended as they were fruit; from each of the branches hung a small bell of a golden hue, and of great curious and fruital devices, richly and elaborately ornamented. One of these trees was for the purpose of Kent—and from each of these the Royal party plucked the artificial gifts that were to be given to a peasant upon that occasion. There was also a fourth tree, similarly illuminated, and festooned with bodens, for H. R H. the Prince of Wales. It is

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, and receive subscriptions and arrearages:

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilson.

D. C. W. JAMES, of Hardware store, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. [Will he please send us his address? Ed. Sat. Post.]

JAMES L. PERRY, is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

SAMUEL H. STINSON, assisted by James H. Stinson, is our Agent for Virginia.

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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE, Jr., is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Kentucky and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

State Legislature.

In Senate, Wednesday, Feb. 21. Among the bills passed, was one supplementary to the charter of the Spring Garden Water Company.

Mr. Penniman's bill to divide the City of Philadelphia into Districts for election purposes, was amended so as to include the Districts and their boundaries as they are at present.

In the House, the Select Committee upon the subject of repealing the usury law of 1705, relative to interest &c., was discharged, and the subject was referred to the Committee on Corporations.

Mr. Connelly, The Committee on the Judiciary was instructed to inquire into the expediency of increasing the number of members of Coroner's juries to six. The Canal Commissioners were instructed to report to the House, the number &c. of officers on the main line, and whether they were to be retained. The supplementary to the Common School acts was passed.

Adjourned, and referred to the Committee on Education.

Mr. Reumfort reported, from the Committee on Ways and Means, a bill to provide for the certain and permanent payment of the State debt.

A supplement to the act Abolishing imprisonment for debt, requiring Assistant bail for a suspension of executions, passed Committee of the Whole.

The Appropriation Bill, giving to the Canal Board $40,000 for repairs, was taken up, and the usual number of amendments were attended, and the bill sent back to that body for concurrence.

In Senate, Thursday, Feb. 22. The Governor, Heads of Departments, and both Houses of the Legislature, assembled at 12 o'clock this morning, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the Farewell Address of General Washington, was read by the clerks of the two Houses. After this, (the House had left) the Senate met and spent a short time, but nothing was transacted of any importance, one or two bills and resolutions were passed, and the rest of the time taken up in discussing the House amendments to the bill supplementary to the act for the repair of the Public works, which were at length rejected.

In Senate, Friday, Feb. 23. In Senate (as well as in the House) a vast number of bills were introduced, principally upon the ordinary topics. Many private bills were passed, and final usage dispensed. The bill for the incorporation of the Oregon Fur Company was passed finally, and a message was received from the Governor, with information relative to the Public Debt, and the supplement to the Spring Garden Water act.

In the House, a long debate was had on the Market Bill.

In Senate, Saturday, Feb. 24. A great many petitions were presented on the tonnage question, but no action was considered.

Mr. Darsie from the Select Committee to which was referred that part of the Governor's Message relative to a Protective Tariff, made a very long and able report, assuming as the basis of it, that the General Government has no revenue tariff, with the principle of discrimination in favor of domestic products, would afford the most ample protection to the interests of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hughes moved 2,000 copies in English and 500 in German be printed. Mr. Stewart stated it was the intention of the Committee to make a report in a few days. Mr. Darsie moved to lay the report on the table, which was agreed to. Mr. Semple, relative to Oregon was continued by Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, who concluded by moving that the memorial be printed. The draft of his argument was against any premature action, which, he thought, might put in the wrong. Mr. Breeze, of Illinois, is to follow.

In the House, it was resolution day. Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire offered a resolution that the Military Academy at West Point ought to be abolished. The resolution was laid upon the table—84 to 79. Several members offered resolutions on the same subject, giving rise to debate, they were all laid over. A resolution was offered by Mr. Holmes, of S. C., that the South have a right to enjoy its slave property unmolested. Giving rise to this debate was also laid over.

On motion of Mr Campbell, of South Carolina, the House adopted the resolutions which were offered by Mr. Pickens in connection in 1840; on the subject of State rights; the right of every citizen to equal protection in person and property; the unconstitutionality of interfering with slavery in the States; and the dangerous tendency of the abolition movements. The branch of the resolutions was adopted by yeas 128, nays 28.

In Senate, Tuesday, Feb 27. Mr Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, presented a remonstrance, numerously signed, against the proposition to allow railroad iron free of duty. He moved that the works established in various parts of this State for the purpose of working the deception of iron were able to supply the wants of the country, and as coal, iron and stone in the iron could be imported, but that the works would stop if the duties should be repealed for five years. Mr Buchanan protested against the bill in question as a very extraordinary and unconstitutional measure.

Mr. Roseboe, of Illinois, made a speech on the Oregon question.

The House was at work on the rules—voting and recommending; but the only decision of importance since our last account was the passage of the bill to establish a Navy Yard and Depot at Memphis, Tenn. Yeas 109, nays 87.

The Senate was engaged in the consideration of private bills, and a number passed, and the House adjourned.

Miscellaneous News.

Returned.—S. S. Wright and Aaron Dexter two citizens of New York, who participated in the insurrection in Canada several years ago and were tried and sent to Van Diemen's land, have returned to their homes by way of London, after an absence of four years. These men were released, upon several others, for general good conduct. They have published a letter in the New York Tribune, in which they state fifty-four Americans are still in captivity in Van Diemen's land.

Growth of New York.—By the report of the City Inspectors in relation to buildings commenced and finished in the several wards of the Tribune, it appears that the whole number is 1273, being an increase of 361 over the previous year. Of these 1273 are completed, and 617 are in a state of forwardness. Of the 1273 are brick dwellings and stores 117 wooden buildings 27 brick and granite stores; 20 brick stables; 2 sugar and rum refineries; 1 steam and 8 brick churches. 4 brick school-houses, and 35 other buildings.

Long Island Railroad.—It is said that this road will be finished by the middle of next summer. This will then furnish a direct route to Boston, from New York shorter than any other, and will thus divert the travel some miles across the Sound by ferry boats, at Greenport. The whole distance between Philadelphia and Boston, with the exception of the twenty-three miles, will then be accomplished by rail-road conveyance.

Sale of the Trenton Water Power.—The property and franchises of the Delaware and Trenton Falls Company, were sold at Trenton on Tuesday week for $50,000, subject to an incumbrance of $17,000. They were sold by the receivers. The same property was sold at the same time and place by the Sheriff for $50,000, liable to the same incumbrance. The two sales were made under different charters and views of the law.

☞ Mrs. Gowen, mother of the absquatulating Mississippi Commissioner, has asked the Legislature to permit her son to return to the State, and give an account of his errors in person. It is thought that he may have strong evidence, and let some very important secrets out of the bag.

Constitution of New Jersey.—A bill to authorize the re-assembling of a Convention of the State of New Jersey, to amend the Constitution, was passed to a third reading in the House of Representatives of that State by a large majority last week. It has already passed the Council.

☞ General Jackson was born on the 14th of March, 1767, and will, consequently, be 77 years of age on the 14th of next March. Mr. Clay was born on the 12th of April, 1777, and will, consequently, be 67 years old on the 12th of April next.

☞ There are 111 steamships of war in the British Navy, according to the latest returns, published in the London Gazette.

☞ The recent collections by the several Ward Committees in Baltimore, for the benefit of the poor, amounted to $3,669.

Religious Intelligence.

Wesleyan University.—The friends of this flourishing literary institution, in the United States and the State of New York, during the last year, resolved to raise the sum of $60,000 for its endowment, which, by the terms of the donation is raised, or some provision made for raising it, before the 1st of next October. The whole amount has been raised, and the Wesleyan Female Seminary at Lima, New York, which is now equally well endowed, and other important literary information, is published in

Sacred Poetry.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

BY REV. LEONARD WITHINGTON.

At this bended hour, when all our children sleep,
Father, in Thy presence, gathered here,
And, while the tears of gratitude are flowing,
Pour out our prayers for those we love most dear!
Thousand Fold. Oh see thy tender care
On these soft beams which close in one fair zone;
Encircling all our hearts, and all our prayers
In the pure flood-tide of their family love.
And bind them in the pale their sister forever more!

I ask not for them exemption or wealth—
For these, to Wisdom's eyes, are nothing worth;
But recognition, compassion and health,
Thy love, Thy presence, and the heavenly company.
Thus flow the chalices, the perfect cup of joy,
Which Thou hast filled for Thy redeemed ones.
From all that smile, or darkness, or decoys,
Thou hast the power to keep them free.
This is the power most dear, O God, to them and me.

This would I have to be a narrow bridge,
And treacherous waters rest and foam below,
Which parties but we reach the water's edge
Where all the ransomed and the angels go.
Thou hast all power in heaven and earth, O God,
And I have asked it in my children's name,
And in the faith that Thou wilt grant the boon,
And with a thankful heart I now proceed.
The land which I possess, and which my continual dream
Till wisdom wakes to break, and to deepen they scream.

If there is a place above where we may prove,
Or demand the pains of race must be tread,
Where sorrow shall be the lesson we learn,
In sure to turn to her pallored head,
All day fatherhood, and all night motherhood,
Of noble guilt, imploding on their dream,
On space there is no memory, and pain done dead,
Prepare for them an early, welcome meed,
Save for eternal blight bury false judgment then.

But if some useful path before them lie,
Where they may employ the gifts of heart,
Though never hastening in Ambition's eye,
And journeying on with footsteps slow and sure,
Assure, yet humble, virtuous, use the cause
Of virtue in the deserving weary day of toil,
Still following where thy perfect Pattern drew,
Exercise all thy better nature, and thy will
If this be life, then let them longer live, we will

And much as I wonder to consider in their green days,
With comfort still, thy treasure is supply—
Thy store the better, and the more to be loved.
Through which he hastened to the better world,
Thy love, thy sympathy, and the bitter smart
Of bad opinions, when to justice,
From treachery, falsehood, knavery, may they not
As from a hidden spring, with which women come
From all the paltry people with which women come

Have sad they sleep, what innocent repose
Rests on their cheeks, through which the warm love
Never inline, the curtain I would not unclose!
Which would not have them wake to weep and mourn
But heavenly Father, leaving them with Thee—
Whether it light or dark—I will not ask.
Or early death, or life award them me.
Thou Christ Father, I will not ask, when the spot
Where they shall live or die, God knows better than we.

Though Thou shalt darken o'er them spread,
Or welcome undertaken, and the deep
Of sorrow, and the fills the Savior led,
And in this poverty be decreed to know—
Whether it be thus, or in the light of day,
Where they shall live, and how they shall die,
I only would ask the smallest wrath to know—
To hear from, temper upon Thy love unceasing,
In earnest hands to place that Gospel's shining power.

When in a world of sin, and woe, and pain,
Where all around them will offer up its vows,
Where sons shall honor, and the last, dearest blessing
Receives the spirit to its restored dust,
Then, then most needed of all, that God,
Let not my eyes, when elements are tossed
In wild confusion, see their children fall
Of painful sights, that ever parted remained
Close my self, increase prayer, and let me strive for heaven.

Selected Sketch.

EASY JOE BRUCE.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Whew—ew—ew!" whistled Mr. Bruce, or perhaps we should rather say Joe Bruce, for as he was a noble, easy fellow, nobody thought of allowing him more than half his name, or of anything else which belonged to him. "I see by the paper that **Hawk & Harpy** have assigned. I meant to have secured my debt yesterday!" He left his coffee half drank, scrambled over the breakfast, and went ahead of a rain to the tempting room of Hawk & Harpy. One half that speed on the day before would have saved the debt—as it was, he was in time. A seized to put on his name at the bottom of a dozen and a half preferred dogs, to make sure of his claim. He went brisk to his unfinished breakfast with what appetite he might.

"Why did you neglect this so long, Mr. Bruce?" said his landlord and employer.

I meant to have attended to it yesterday, my dear."

"You mean! That is always your way, Mr. Bruce. You carelessly neglect your business to the last moment, and then get yourself in a haste and a heat for nothing, my dear"

"Really, Mrs. Bruce—"

Not Mrs. Bruce did not allow him a chance to defend himself. On she went, at the top of her squeaked-out-of-tune manner, to berate him for his carelessness and inattention.

"Really Mrs. Bruce—"

And it was really Mrs. Bruce, for few of the feminine, and none of the masculine gender, could have kept pace with her. Certainly Easy Joe could not. The chatter of a rotten-mill would not have been a circumstance to the din she raised—as, no doubt whether a philippic against one of those sad mills, from the lungs of Seneca Fluent, could have been heard above her voice. Easy Joe pulled a right-cause out of his pocket—clapped his feet on the fender—and if almost seemed that the smoke rendered his ears impervious to the blessings of that gentle lamb, his spouse, as placid as his own cravat, as the vapor escaped in graceful volumes from his meek. Troops rendered the mark sometimes—Mrs. Bruce did. Had she expired her agent, the morning's bow would have induced her husband to have been punctual to his business, for one day at least. As it was, he took the same sort of pride in reflecting it under her lecture, that any lady might take in refusing to be scolded into good behavior. People like to have the merit of doing right of their own accord.

"Bruce away, Mrs. Bruce."

"Bruce away, sir! Bruce away! I wish I could impart one tittle of my energy to you, Mr. Bruce—I—I could!"

Bruce sprang to his feet, and crash! came an elegant stained china cup, down upon the floor.

"There, Mr. Bruce! The clock has stood there three months without fastening—a single straw would have saved it—and—"

"Well, I meant to—"

"No! you never! Mr. Bruce—You never won't per the damage, nor have Hawk & Harpy's note! You meant, indeed!"

Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few minutes he was on "Change. Anybody could read in his face any traces of the late mistaken tempest and nobody would have suspected from his countenance that Hawk & Harpy failed at his debt. Easy Joe Bruce.

"Well, Mr. Bruce, they've rusted him."

"Who?"

"Our friend Chuck Pingree was chosen president of the ——— Bank, this morning. One vote would have snapped him."

"How decently unlucky. *I meant* to have been present to vote for Chuck myself."

"Never mind, Bruce," said another. "You are a lucky mate. The news of the great fire in Speedersville has just reached town by express, and I congratulate you that you was fully insured."

"The d—l! My policy expired last week, and I meant to have got it renewed this morning."

Joe posted home in no very happy humor. When an easy man is fairly up he is the most unreasonable of mortals. Mrs. Bruce, by staying at home to have you scold, I have lost the steamer. I meant to have got insured this morning—I did not—Speedersville is burned down, and I am ruined."

"Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr. Bruce?"

"I was thinking of Hawk & Harpy."

"Thinking! Why did you not secure yourself?"

"*I* meant to, but—"

"But—no buts."

"You are in excellent spirits, Mrs. Bruce."

"Never in better."

"Vastly fine, madam. We are beggars."

Mrs. Bruce sat down, collapsed her feet on the fender, and her husband's manner in the morning.

"We are beggars madam," Bruce repeated.

"Very good—I will take my guitar, and you shall accompany me to the theatre. We'll play under Mr. Hawk's window first, then under Mr. Harpy's—and then beg our way to Speedersville to pay to the ashes of what was once your factory—which you meant to have insured. I wish I had thought of it, Bruce."

"You abominable woman! I shall go mad."

"Poor I, beneath you, Mr. Bruce. You did not beggars to profane."

"Beggars is different from the dress. His wife interrupted him. Here, Joseph, is a paper I meant to have inserted with this morning."

"A police! And dated yesterday!

"Yes. I—I meant to get it out—to-day—*I meant* it should be done yesterday—so I told your clerk, from you, to do it. Am I not an abominable woman?"

"When I said so, I was in a pet. *I meant*" "No—none of that, Joseph. Not to the wife who is not Hawk & Harpy's assignment!"

"Your brother"

"He claim excuse you both."

"You are an angel!"

Easy Joe became an altered man, and his wife was released from her watch over his conduct because she did some years before him—but we are half inclined to suspect, that after her death Joe partially relapsed into his old habits—in that it is, that habit in a second nature. Both were buried in the grave-yard at Speedersville—and our suspicions are founded on something like the following conversation, which occurred between the grave-digger and his assistant—

"Where are we to dig Mr. Bruce's grave ?"

"Here, I—I mean—Easy. His will says, near his wife."

"Where was she laid ?"

"That I don't know. Easy Joe always said *he* meant to place an obelisk over her, but it was never done."

LIBERALITY.—We like to pick up an instance of benevolence every day, for the purpose of recording it as a pleasing character. The following, we presume, stands in a higher venue, while three small children, having rented a cellar from a poor widow, and not being able to pay the having been rendered, by indisposition, incapable of doing her usual work (washing) for some time, in arrears for rent. Our little children. Her few articles of furniture were seized and sold by her landlord, in Lexington market, where she attended with her little offspring. The bidders in the market having been made acquainted with the transaction, with a feeling and liberality which entitles them the highest honor, immediately subscribed between thirty and forty dollars, which, together with some other presents, they purchased for her, and set of stores and such as she could not carry away. It affords us much pleasure to record such instances of disinterested benevolence, as they tend to exalt the human character. The heartless landlord recruited from the scene, and the deep execrations of the spectators. The husband of the poor woman who killed some time ago on the Philadelphia is a drought to pervade our whole country. Neither can we readily have a famine as long as the cultivation of the soil continues as it is. Local and partial scarcity may prevail, but what is the case of one section, is frequently a gain of some more fortunate section. While the North is parched with drought, the West or the South, is inclined in order to show the Union that, as the good feeling and friendship existing between the United States and the Northern Indians, requested Mr. Stanley, the young artist who accompanied him on his tour among the Indian country, to sketch two hands entwining each other—the one of a red man, and the other of a white man with the "calumet of peace" above them—which was done in the most exquisite style. After the completion, the young Canadian chief, to whom he was about to present it, proposed, very handsomely in addition to the picture, by drawing under the hands of the two friends, according to the degree of a bull-dog, to bite, as he said, the hand which proved treacherous. The group was finished and transferred to the Indian, to their great amusement and gratification.

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And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen.
When hearts were hard and breeches, were the fashion of the land,
And the brightest hobnail'd shoes were worn, with knitted stockings gay.

The times of old, the times of old, when our good mothers wore
Linsey-woolsey stuffs and kept their smells and tippets
Of the same.
When good wives' scores were all the rage, and cheese
And bacon were the current pay,
And between if cards we're deck'd the girls, with beauty
Were not.

The good old times, when our old Uncle were fat and
With last round'd back as gracefully, and drew up in a
Like respect those golden days, when fashion was unfurl'd
As the rose, expanded in her sweetness, and the pride
Of the garden.

And they're proud with time away, those halcyon days
Are also,
And now we dust on black lock coats, with pocket holes
Before:
The women, too, have got the cues, and wear their chests
Of plaits.
Oh, for to be like our old Dads who lived in times of

PRIDE OF AN ARMY.—All the externals of war are splendid. It is the interior, the consequences, the operation of that mighty train of evils that follow in its rear, that fill the first sight of that most magnificent of all the monstrous creations of human moral nature. The forces of the two most warlike monarchies of Europe were spread before me nearly a hundred and fifty thousand troops, with all the numberless followers of an army in the field, covering a range of low hills which circled the horizon. It was as open as a race-course, and distance a gun was fired from the central hill answered by others from the flanks. The roll of a drum was heard, and the whole mass put forth, just at that moment when the sun was lying on the ocean, and the hills and the descending each from its heights, halted on the edge. Then was the movement which was executed with the exactness of a single mind. The blaze of the sun on the arms, the clouds, and the tents crowning the brow of the hills was magical.—*Marston; or, Memoirs of a Statesman.*

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☞ A gentleman in one of our schools was asked, "What is the Congress of the United States?" He replied, "Congress is composed of two bodies, the Senate and House of Representatives, which meet every winter to pass laws and transact business."—*Boston Journal.*

☞ "How much can you pay us?" What assets have you?" What can you afford to spend?" demanded the importunate creditors of a bankrupt farmer. "Assets!" replied he, all I really have is a donkey in the pound," replied the unlucky debtor.

☞ "You look very sorrowful this morning, Mr. Pindar." "Yes," answered he, after a considerable pause. "And pray what has happened to you?" demanded the importunate creditors of a bankrupt farmer. "Assets!" replied he, "I have had twenty thousand pounds left me, and I have, and didn't know what to do with it."

☞ At Washington, it is said that some one of a number intends to offer a resolution providing for the appointment of a sleep-master and a snore-master at the head of the Senate, here with a long pole, whenever they fall asleep.

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POLITE CONVERSATION.—Mr. Brown—Good morning Mrs. Smith, I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you quite—

Mrs. Smith—Quite, thank you.

Mr. B.—And Mr Smith, I hope he is quite—

Mr. S.—I have thank you.

Mr. B.—And all the—

Mrs. S.—Quite, thank you.

Mr. B.—But your eldest boy quite recovered from the—

Mrs. S.—Quite, thank you.

Mr. B.—The weather is exceedingly—

Mrs. S.—It is indeed.

Mr. B.—Have you been riding to-day in the—

Mrs. S.—No, sir, I have not been to ride.

Mr. B.—Ah—yes—exactly. [*A pause.*]

Mrs. S.—I beg your pardon?

Mr. B.—I did'n't say—

Mrs. S.—I thought you were saying—

Mr. B.—No.

Mrs. S.—Indeed!

Mr. B.—Well, I mean't detain you from your—

Mrs. S.—Good me! [*Exeunt severally.*]

"ROSES AMAZE."—It was as an entertainment of this description that Mr. Hill intimated that we are indebted for the beautiful air in his ballad. We gentlemen ever thought of saying his debts, and the extensive house of Dodge, Adair & Bolter, were astonished to see such pleasure to record such instances of disinterested benevolence, as they tend to exalt the human character. The heartless landlord recruited from the scene, and the deep execrations of the spectators. The husband of the poor woman who killed some time ago on the Philadelphia is a drought to pervade our whole country. Neither can we readily have a famine as long as the cultivation of the soil continues as it is. Local and partial scarcity may prevail, but what is the case of one section, is frequently a gain of some more fortunate section. While the North is parched with drought, the West or the South, is inclined in order to show the Union that, as the good feeling and friendship existing between the United States and the Northern Indians, requested Mr. Stanley, the young artist who accompanied him on his tour among the Indian country, to sketch two hands entwining each other—the one of a red man, and the other of a white man with the "calumet of peace" above them—which was done in the most exquisite style. After the completion, the young Canadian chief, to whom he was about to present it, proposed, very handsomely in addition to the picture, by drawing under the hands of the two friends, according to the degree of a bull-dog, to bite, as he said, the hand which proved treacherous. The group was finished and transferred to the Indian, to their great amusement and gratification.

Selected Articles.

DEFINITION OF CLIMATE AND SEASONS.—The Albany Argus, after collecting many instances of the weather in different parts of the Union, in regard to the snow and mildness, remarks:—

"According to the usual laws of nature, it is impossible for a drought to pervade our whole country. Neither can we readily have a famine as long as the cultivation of the soil continues as it is. Local and partial scarcity may prevail, but what is the case of one section, is frequently a gain of some more fortunate section. While the North is parched with drought, the West or the South, is inclined in order to show the Union that, as the good feeling and friendship existing between the United States and the Northern Indians, requested Mr. Stanley, the young artist who accompanied him on his tour among the Indian country, to sketch two hands entwining each other—the one of a red man, and the other of a white man with the "calumet of peace" above them—which was done in the most exquisite style. After the completion, the young Canadian chief, to whom he was about to present it, proposed, very handsomely in addition to the picture, by drawing under the hands of the two friends, according to the degree of a bull-dog, to bite, as he said, the hand which proved treacherous. The group was finished and transferred to the Indian, to their great amusement and gratification.

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☞ An envelope is made to know how it is possible, in our republican constitution, to "take the sense of the House," on a question, when it is a well known fact that the House is utterly destitute of sense. "Tis a knotty point.

☞ Mrs. L. A. Amier is a milliner in St. Louis. It puzzled her the other day when both a *Mrs.* and *A miss*.

☞ If I were be tied upon with impunity," as the poet truly said in the fat.

☞ Why is a hot cake like a caterpillar? Because it makes the butter fly.

☞ Though it was dog, as the sun said when he was retiring.

Agricultural.

THE FARMER.

Of all pursuits by man invented,
To Farmer's mind the most contented;
His calling good, his profits high,
Is what I'll now apply.
He rises early with the lark,
Of him the Blacksmith seeks the hand;
He finds employment for the Tailor,
To feed the Beggar to the King,
To milk the cows, and churn the butter,
Are by his labors made complete;
The whistling Ploughman at the team
To check the lag and drive the cow;
The Farmer's rank among the great;
The Farmer's rank among the great;
The Farmer's wife is the queen bee;
Her court upon the table set
Shall, all you Farmers, young and old,
Your wealth arises from your yield;
Your wealth arises from your land;
Your wealth arises from your toil;
Since then the plough supports the nation,
And sons of rank of every station,
Let Kings in Farmers make a bow,
And every man pay homage now.

CRESTED FOWLS.

The varieties of crested fowls, or those having a crown of feathers proceeding from a fleshy protuberance on the back of the head, are numerous. We have been informed by a gentleman of much observation that several times in the course of his journeys, that they are common in France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Ireland, and Russia, in some of which characteristics are the same, although they are in most was of a different order, and are also more highly prized as the colors are more beautiful. They are also more numerous, and having five toes to each foot, like some of the Asiatic varieties, and the Dorking breed. Combs and gills, or wattles, are much smaller than in other breeds, and there are some whose wattles are entirely wanting, as well as the combs. It is also a medium. Where birds of this description are reared with much difficulty than others, as owing to the obstruction of the sight from the crown of feathers they are more easily caught.

Where the object is eggs, we know of no breeds that are preferable to these. They will lay more eggs until they are three years old, than any other breed, which we have ever had any acquaintance. As before observed, they are not confined to any one season, but lay two days out of three, except in the season of moulting, for two or three years—this has given them the name of "everlasting layers." In fact, the crested fowl is under constantly laying, they break down or grow old sooner than any other breed. They are hardy, and require the same as cows that give a great deal of milk, and continue to do so all the year, generously and liberally. Their eggs are less and do not lay a part of the time.

Where it is desired to breed these fowls, it is best to have some kind that set well, (the cuse for a good hen for this,) to hatch the eggs and rear the chickens.

The flesh of the crested fowl, those are most prized by the fanciers which are most rare. Such as black with white tops—the *clarified*—the white with black tops, (very rare) the silver and the golden, a pheasant, a rare and very beautiful kind.—*Cultivator*

Choice Selections.

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Choice Anecdotes.

MUTUAL DISPLEASURE.—Doctor Lentigo, a tipsler accoucheur of Rome, lately gave an entertainment in a mixed company, to be introduced to Mr. Swan, a gentleman of a cynical turn, whose practice it was to raise a laugh at the expense of some of the company. The meal was much above it at the table, when the former inquired of Swan, in a serious tone, whether he had ever seen a dissection? "Really, sir," replied Mr. B., "that is a question I cannot answer, without first know to what sign nature of Jessie—I shall be obliged to you if you will tell me whether you did or not?" "Really, sir," replied Mr. B., "that is a question I cannot answer, without first know to what sign nature of Jessie—I shall be obliged to you if you will tell me whether you did or not?" "Really, sir," replied Mr. B., "that is a question I cannot answer, without first know to what sign nature of Jessie—I shall be obliged to you if you will tell me whether you did or not?"

THE FARMER AND THE BUGLAR.—A strong, hearty lazy fellow, who preferred begging for a precarious subsistence to honest labor, was one, called at the house of a blunt Massachusetts farmer and, in the usual whining tone of voice, asked for "cold victuals and old clothes."

"You appear to be a strong, hearty looking man," said the farmer, "what do you do for a living?" "Why, my friend," replied the fellow, "except travelling about from place to another." "Travelling about, is it?" rejoined the farmer; "I'll tell you what, mister, you'll get pretty good at that." "Well, then, I'll be off," replied the fellow, coolly opening the door, "let's see you do it."

A GREAT GAME DISCOVERED.—Some historian tells a queer anecdote about one John Baker, in relation to the Revolutionary struggle. Very stimulating drinks; it is known that "men never have a true appetite till they can eat with a very ordinary food." It is said of John Baker, that he died in 1820, that he was one of the most part consisted of brown bread and cheese, and his drink water and milk. He had not tasted the whole time of the Revolutionary war, excepting three or four, and said strong drink killed them all.

The Olio.

"WHAT IS CHARITY?"

"The net to pause when at my door,
A shivering, famish'd child implore?
To cast the crumbs that made him poor,
Or why he begs?

It's not to spare that brother's prayer,
For fashion bids me not to care,
To not to leave him in despair,
And say I have none.

The voice of CHARITY is kind—
She thinks before she gives,
To every fault she searches find,
Nor wonders why he lives.

In Pretence she pleads Faith—
Hope sustains in the throes,
Relieved from—then softly saith,
The brother—and goes.

THE FAVORITE FAMILY JOURNAL.

While these characteristics of a Literary Magazine are presented, the above periodical will continue to be forgotten, and at its issue pages the paper will present the characteristics of a

CAREFULLY PREPARED NEWSPAPER,

containing all current intelligence of interest or importance, but carefully avoiding such details of crime as serve only to familiarize readers with it, to no possible good purpose.

AGRICULTURAL MATTER

will occupy a portion of the columns, and our Farmer readers will be rewarded for the pains we shall take in presenting thereunto to the attention of the agriculturist in these days of high cultivation.

PENS OF ABLE WRITERS

engaged expressly for this journal, and the results of long experience in catering for the public taste can contribute the present prosperity of the Post (and more the publish-ers interest dictate) in its course will still be viewed.

FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

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THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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